Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XV. *Philadelphia, August 20, 1836.* *Whole No. 786.*

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

What wak'st thou Spring?—sweet voices in the woods
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—the joyless leaves
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery shade,
And happy murmurs running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call—
Spring, the Awakener! thou hast burst their sleep,
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy peopled world of flowers;
Thou from the dust has set that glory free,
Colouring the cowslips with the sunny hours
And pencilling the wood anemone,
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
Glows with mute poesy.

But what awak'st thou in the *heart, O Spring?*
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth, where'er thou art
What wak'st thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much!—We know not well
Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by thee,
What fond strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
Gush for the faces we no more shall see!
How are we haunted, in thy wind's low tone,
By voices, that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanish'd smiles, and sounds of parted feet—
Spring! midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
Why, why reviv'st thou these?

Vain longings for the Dead!—why come they back
With thy young birds and leaves, and living blooms?
—Oh, is it not, that from thine earthly track,
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes! gentle Spring: no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones *there!*

From Atkinson's Casket.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT; AND THE FUTURE.

"My soul is a torrent descending from the mountains—a cataract down which the waters ever flow, and thence sweep over the valleys, plains and meadows, sloping towards the [illegible] stream, flowing at the close of day—at [illegible] morning, it flows on; night returns it flows by [illegible], it flows still. Nought can exhaust its waters [illegible], until it reaches [illegible] its [illegible] place of rest. There in murmuring [illegible] waves in the bosom of its great deep—and in that bosom finds a final, an eternal repose."—*Poetic and Religious Harmonies, by Alphonse de Lamartine.*

The present bursts upon us as a spark, and as a spark [illegible] and leaves [illegible] darkness and doubt; but the past is our secure and unrivalled treasure, on every piece of which time has stamped an ineffaceable imprint. The events, characters, [illegible], discoveries, and improvements in arts and sciences, are the grains of gold, or the precious stones gathered from the sands along that stream, whose source and [illegible] are in the recesses of past and future eternity. [illegible] is the cabinet in which these precious [illegible] have been deposited, arranged and preserved.

When we seek to consult destiny on our own, or the fate of others, the present perplexes, and from the future we shrink as from a gloomy abyss, a gulf threatening without displaying the phantoms or realities we dread, but the silently speaking past, smiles and invites us to enter her cabinet, and points to those rich and admonitory niches, in which lie the accumulated wisdom of all former ages. We enter; peace and calm here unite and [illegible] in their hands the symbols of duration, invite us [illegible] looks divine to examine the gems around us; we [illegible] and a light, soft, holy, and [illegible] glow spreads and attractions, giving to every [illegible] increasing lustre, and penetrating our minds, seems [illegible] the ethereal essence of intelligence. The invention for [illegible], under whatever form, was the embodying of [illegible]; and he who could thus give permanence to the [illegible] of intellect, and render them tangible, as far [illegible] himself of its enlivening power on other intellects [illegible], man, from a roaming savage to an intelligent being, changed his dwelling from a tent to a palace, and his feelings of vengeance to those of love and mercy. The human soul, uncultivated, wild and rude, demands [illegible] care, the uprooting of noxious weeds and the introduction of salutary plants, and one age is too brief to change this wilderness to a garden. The past has given us the seeds of good, implements to cultivate our blest possession, our minds, and has, again bequeathed us the [illegible] instructions, on time and seasons. Let us [illegible] pause here on the melancholy reflection how many [illegible] neglected the divine inheritance; but proceed with [illegible] pleasing view of the inestimable value of that inheritance, and on how much each individual has within his or [illegible] power to augment the product of their own share of [illegible].

Next to oral [illegible], of the arts known to mankind, the only two which it is the duty of every person to acquire, are reading and writing; and these are, by a strange [illegible], the arts most neglected by those who have [illegible] them, and acquired the power to reduce them to practice. If we were to suppose any person in full possession of a tract of most productive soil, and in the use [illegible] rather choose of such as neither abandon it to utter neglect, and in place of careful cultivation leave it to weeds, [illegible], to such person we could [illegible] still more severe [illegible]; and yet every one who possesses a sane mind in a [illegible] and neglects to cultivate that mind, [illegible] more culpable, than does he who [illegible] his farm to desolation. May we not assert that [illegible] two species of negligence are very often found united [illegible] of the same individual. Why are these [illegible]?

We answer, that the causes of self mental neglect are [illegible]. Some of these causes impose no moral blame as [illegible]; but the most numerous, [illegible] causes of this evil, are [illegible] and vanish at the very touch of reason. It is true, that mental enjoyment [illegible]; therefore, [illegible] and thinly scattered, [illegible] to procure or call into action [illegible]. Even oral language becomes [illegible] where the members of society stand [illegible] to a certain degree [illegible]. But as the soul becomes filled, and [illegible] of the moral world approach, [illegible] both a moral and mental power, [illegible] inversely, de[illegible] causes of [illegible]. Wealth and [illegible] of social inter[illegible] consequences of increase [illegible] advanced, sustain [illegible] who thus situated [illegible] improve the most valuable gift they have received from their Creator.

The most influential of all causes of neglecting the improvement of the [illegible] is probably, however, an erroneous [illegible] of the term education. This term is commonly [illegible] to what is learned in seminaries of different kinds, and thus restricted, are [illegible] self education, or, on [illegible] of all knowledge, which we acquire in the active [illegible] of human society. In support of this supposition, let me quote from a work published expressly to [illegible] education. The work alluded [illegible] very cheap and yet very valuable journal, the Penny Magazine. In that journal and under the head of [illegible] "[illegible] of supplying the want of [illegible]," we read the following:

"[illegible] that in the whole of my life I have never received [illegible] and actual knowledge from others [illegible] necessarily in his [illegible] from those with whom he [illegible]. I was taught, indeed, to read and to write, [illegible] that reading and writing form part of [illegible] acquirements—[illegible] how to use them; [illegible] communicated.—[illegible] endeavored to stop my [illegible] I firmly resolved that I should [illegible].

"My boyhood [illegible] and, in reviewing my [illegible] of many errors of conduct, [illegible] which each man [illegible], but in [illegible] to the particular period [illegible] how, under the circumstances [illegible] have employed the [illegible] boyhood, than I did. During this period, and subsequently in the intervals of manual occupation I read with eagerness every [illegible], from the placard on the wall, and the first newspaper gathered from the [illegible] of my neighbours, and from the [illegible] and the Fairy Tale, to the poetry of Milton, and the metaphysics of Locke. Thus in the progress of years, I gathered together a considerable quantity of general knowledge, mixed with much rubbish and unprofitable matter. I collected this knowledge together in solitude and silence, without the cognizance, direction, [illegible] or control of any living soul. I [illegible] by reading, to think and to write for myself; and I acquired the power of expressing [illegible] just as I now express it [illegible]."

"Then you are a self educated man?"—"No! I consider [illegible] uneducated man, and it is precisely my object to state that, while my [illegible] acquirements have made [illegible] nothing of [illegible] I have suffered much from the want [illegible] in early life, and of those connected studies and [illegible] pursuits, which form what I [illegible] education."

[illegible] of this writer, you have the example of a [illegible] acquired the power to think [illegible] and write correctly, and yet express [illegible] himself [illegible] pronounced that he [illegible] pronounce this [illegible]. Why because he gave to the term education [illegible] in place of a general application. "[illegible]," though long used can never become [illegible] expression. It contains a [illegible] application to all ages and nations, and [illegible] of society. The savage who excels in the [illegible] and in his hunting implements [illegible] above his fellows, and is really [illegible]. In the most advanced state of human society [illegible] known to any individual is [illegible] and every item of such knowledge or skill [illegible] of which the whole is formed.

From the preceding [illegible] education under this [illegible], this intellectual distinction [illegible] be confined to what [illegible]. Whatever [illegible] is given to the [illegible] from the inherent difference of mind and [illegible], be comparatively unequally distributed. [illegible] natural aptitude, from [illegible] advantages, [illegible] superior industry, outstrip others; but [illegible] an absurdity to declare [illegible] who has [illegible] the most profound [illegible] who can reason logically [illegible] with propriety.

[illegible] very language of which we have imbibed the first [illegible] in the cradle, and which is with truth and deep feeling, called our mother tongue; is not only a part, but is, and ever must continue to be under all future circumstances of our existence, the most important part of our education. It is language which forms the means of intercommunication between individuals. It is the tie which binds society together, and yet, by a palpable inversion of reason, a person gains the title of being educated, not from his skill in his own, but in not alone dead but foreign languages. Little credit is gained by the utmost power of wielding the very instrument by which is secured the love, confidence and social intercourse of human beings in all the relations of life; but he is venerated who possesses the reputation of having studied a language or languages no longer spoken by any portion of mankind; and only used to perpetuate the remembrance of events and characters, many ages past become utterly unknown to the far greater part of any existing people.

Let me here premise, that the very absurd idea is not entertained of deprecating classic studies. Those who possess the means and inclination to pursue those studies have an indisputable right to do so, and an equal right in after life, to draw from their attainments all the advantages which they afford; but it is the undue claim made, and granted, in favor of that part of education procured in the higher seminaries, which ought to be resisted, and the more, as such immunity ever has and ever must operate in favor of a *few*, to the exclusion of the many.—They are resisted because they tend to depress emulation, and prevent the many from using the means of self improvement, which is almost universally in the United States, within reach of individuals.

In a brief review of a subject, admitting, indeed for complete developement demanding a volume or volumes, for its discussion in a brief essay, only outlines can be sketched. In the present instance, I shall confine my observations to the benefits of elementary education in the United States; and more particularly to that species of education attainable by almost every sane and free mind. That species of education which enables the great body of the people to use their common language to most effect, in the three different operations of speaking, reading and writing.

Amongst the arts known to mankind, after speech itself, the only two that it is the duty of every person to acquire are reading and writing; and nevertheless, these are the arts most neglected by those who have acquired them, and of course those who possess the power to reduce them to practice.

One excuse for neglecting elementary education, is expense. To a certain extent, this excuse is valid, but more particularly applies to the acquirement of classical education, and diminishes progressively as we descend from the few to the many. This excuse has also lost much of its plausibility within the current century. In the fall of the price of books, and in that of tuition since eighteen hundred, the great body of the people have opened to them facilities of mental improvement, which the past generation could not conceive even in hope.—Whilst this salutary and immense revolution has been in progress, none who have not watched the changes and compared the extremes, can form a judgment of the advantages possessed by the existing generation.

Printing and all the subsidiary arts necessary to form that greatest of all human productions, a book; as also the greater cheapness of material, have so greatly advanced, that the labor and time formerly demanding months, are at present performed in as many days.—Books have become cheaper, to such an extent, that persons must be indeed destitute in this country who cannot procure some of those silent and invaluable companions and instructors.

In this place I cannot resist the expression of that enthusiasm I feel, when contemplating the properties of a book. To the eye and mind of a savage, a book appears a block; to him a stone rough from the earth would not be so barren of all meaning; but to the civilized and instructed person, who has in the art of reading the means to draw forth its valuable qualities, it becomes a treasure beyond all price. Touch it and it opens as a Casket. It opens in thin laminæ, sparkling with gems. The mind revels amid these exhaustless stores, and so magic are the properties of this Casket, that thousands may be from it enriched to overflowing; and yet not a particle of the smallest gem taken away. It is not only an exhaustless, but also an indestructible mine. Round its margin roses ever bloom and never fade. At this remote age, we are drawing the most valuable of all wealth from the very same Casket; the same mines, from which were drawn the songs of David, the moral precepts of Solomon, his son, and the enduring metal from which was formed the lyre of Homer. Whatever adds dignity to our nature—whatever gives sublimity to our conceptions—whatever discoveries augment the sum of human happiness, and remove causes of pain, sorrow, vice and crime; and whatever teaches human nature to be kind, benevolent, just and forbearing, once dug from the mine and deposited in the Casket, so mighty is the effect, that time ceases to have power over the deposit—No! what do I say? Time has indeed now lost his destructive power, but has gained, immeasurably in his power of preservation, and of multiplication. New continents and Islands may be discovered—new empires may rise, and improvements in the arts of life, may, to an indefinite extent superinduce the augmentation of mankind—Yes! millions on millions of intelligent beings may rise on earth, and yet the mental supply swells with still greater rapidity, and secures abundance to congregated nations.

Are these treasures hidden in a temple, seated on a mountain accessible only after great toil and fatigue?—No! on the contrary, it is placed in a temple, whose thousand doors are ever open. Gardens surround its walls, and no rude hand repulses the humblest votary, whose steps are turned towards its vestibule, and within all difference of rank unknown, except that based on cultivated reason. It is a temple all may enter, and very few will visit and not revisit it. It is a temple into which admittance is as free as the air we breathe. To pass its portals, and receive benediction from its ministering priests demands no passport from monarchs or prelates. A small pittance abstracted from the fruits of daily labor will secure entrance.

To quit figure or metaphor, and speak in plain language, we may assert, that to obtain a decent elementary education, is within the grasp of every young person in this country. Such have been as already observed, the prodigious improvements in the arts of printing and book binding, and other attendant processes in the formation of books within the last twenty years, that literature has fallen one half or more in price. In a work which every one ought to subscribe for and read, "*The Penny Magazine*," is a series of papers on printing, the improvements in printing and book binding, &c., in which is shown the remarkable and salutary revolution alluded to in this essay. Here we have traced also, the slow but steady advance of instruction from the discovery of the art of printing; the gradual transfusion of literature into the body of the people, and its change from an aristocratic to a popular feature of society. The following I cannot omit.

"A few years after the commencement of the present century, a system of education, which is now known throughout Europe, as that of MUTUAL INSTRUCTION, was introduced into this country (England.) In whatever mode this system was called into action, its first experiments soon demonstrated, that through it, education might be bestowed at a much cheaper rate than had ever before been considered practicable. This success encouraged the friends of education to exertions quite unexampled, and the British and Foreign School Society, and the National Society, had in a very few years taught some thousands of children to read and write; who, without the new arrangements which had been brought into practice, would in great part have remained completely untaught. The demand for books of a new class, was thus preparing on every side. The demand would not be very sudden or very urgent, but it would still exist, and would become, stronger and stronger, till a supply was in some degree provided for it. It would act too but slowly upon that portion of society, whose demand for knowledge, had already been in part supplied. The principle of educating the humblest in the scale of society, would necessarily give an impulse to the education of the class immediately above them. The impulse would indeed be least felt by the large establishments for education at the other end of the scale, and thus, whilst the children of the peasant and the tradesman would learn many valuable lessons, through the influence of a desire for knowledge for its own sake; and of love for their instructors, the boys of many of our great public schools, would long remain acquiring only a knowledge of words and not of things, and influenced chiefly by a degrading fear of brutal punishment. The demand for knowledge thus created, and daily gathering strength amongst the bulk of the people, could not be adequately supplied twenty years ago, by the mechanical inventions then employed in the art of printing. Exactly in the same way as the demand for knowledge which began to agitate men's minds about the middle of the fifteenth century, produced the invention of printing; so the great extension of the demand in England, (and many other countries) at the beginning of the nineteenth century, produced those mechanical improvements, which have created a new era in the typographical art."*

If these observations apply to the people of England, they are not confined to that nation; with one exception, they apply far more to the people of the United States. What the writer calls the humble class of society, exists in England as an original element; on the contrary, in the United States, our institutions are based on the principle, that no humble class of free people are in existence. So operative in reality is the theory, that were only humble; that is ignorant, classes existing in the United States, the members have themselves to blame for their depression. If people were not blinded by custom, they would as little look up to government for education, as they would for religion, or for the implements of their ordinary business. In religious matters they claim unbounded freedom, as they do in the acquirement or disposal of property; and yet for the cultivation of their minds, seek the means from public support in the form of schools, academies, colleges and other seminaries, with the undeniable facts before them, that far the greater share of practical knowledge must be procured in the general intercourse of society, and that such knowledge never was or can be attained except very partially from schools.

The truth of these observations can be illustrated from a survey of Pennsylvania, and many other sections of the United States. All parts of the same state are of course under one system of law, and therefore, as far as law can operate on education, the effect must be uniform; but though this is too obvious to demand proof—no person of ordinary observation need be told how excessive is the mental difference, between not only distant but contiguous neighbourhoods of the same state. Why this difference? Because in some neighbourhoods precisely what I recommend has been effected. The people of such neighbourhoods, have without such intention, decided one of the most important problems ever presented to human reason. They have shewn, that freedom affording personal security was the most important aid they wanted from government, to cultivate either their minds or their fields. Such neighbourhoods it may be also remarked, are always distinguished for alacrity in receiving, and skill in using to effect, such direct pecuniary aid offered by government. Such neighbourhoods, are really to all intents and to more or less purpose, *schools of mutual instruction.*

In such schools, not alone children, but both sexes of all ages, are daily acquiring, restoring and intercommunicating useful knowledge, and by modes of instruction, which *admit* of no fear of brutal punishment, but, on the reverse by means, which while elevating the mind sweeten society by cherishing every social feeling. In such schools the desire of knowledge is gratified from augmented stores and reduced prices.

In this essay I wish it to be observed, that I have laid no stress on the political benefits to be derived from elementary education and the reason is that I regard such benefits, as the lowest in the scale, and those most desultory in application. That thirst of general information, which in place of being satiated, is increased by reading, will superinduce in most cases, fully as much political knowledge, as even the great majority of any people can usefully apply as members of the body politic; and I might add, that there is one great, and perhaps insuperable evil attending a general attention to political science, and that is an inordinate wish to obtain, and of course, pursuit after office.

My objects are, the indescribable charm which intellectual culture throws over society; the polishing and softening effects on social intercourse of reading; to change the employment of leisure from idle or injurious pursuits, to those, which while they delight the heart, exalt the understanding; and particularly to induce the agriculturist and mechanic, with their families to cast off the rustic garb, and clothe their minds in that dress, which will fit them to take that rank in intellectual, which they have, and ever must hold as political and moral elements of national force.

Another object is to convince every family, that all that is valuable, and all that is, at once sweet and enduring in cultivated intellect, may be brought into their dwellings; and that real practical education, that is all of useful knowledge possessed by an individual or by a community, are mere convertible terms.

To obtain the great good recommended, demands not wealth according to the common meaning given to that term. The exceptions are certainly very rare amongst the sane minded white inhabitants of this section of the earth, to whom a competent education is unattainable.—Over the wilfully ignorant, those who can and do not learn to read, and to those still less excusable, who have acquired this great art, and neglect its use, the classic scholar has an indisputable right to claim superiority.—Therefore, those who have it in their power, and do not place themselves on a level with the intelligence of their age, cannot complain justly of the effects of an evil, the very existence of which they could, but were too indolent to prevent.

It is with mingled feelings of regret and disgust, that I am constrained to say, that as far as my own personal observation and inquiries extend, full one third of the adult population do not read, and a proportion it would test credulity to state who cannot read.

Europe, the region of our ancestors, so rich in examples on every branch of the philosophy of man, abounds in those applicable to the general effects of the cultivation or neglect of human reason; and of the power of cultivated intellect over the asperities of physical nature.—There we are presented with the fearful contrasts between advance and retrogradation—there we have before us the proof that nature may in vain display her profusion where man himself remains uncultivated; and there as a sublime consolation, we have the demonstration that all the severities of climate, and all the ungratefulness of soil, cannot prevent the highest aspirations of truth and reason from being fully gratified.

If we examine a map of Europe, and follow N. lat. 50°, as traced across its surface, we find that line entering on the west, the mouth of the British channel, and traversing this great strait obliquely, intersects the continent in France; and between the mouths of the Seine and Somme rivers, merely touching England at the Lizard Point, stretching over the continent it leaves to the northward all the departments of the north, and Pas de Calais, with near one half that of Somme, thence over the southern part of Belgium and Rhenish Prussia, reaches and crosses the Rhine just below Mayence, thence following the general course of the Mayer, leaving the cities of Darmstadt, Wurtzburg, and Bayreuth to the south enters Bohemia at Egra; thence over and nearly centrically the mountain basin of Bohemia, and crossing the Muldace just above Prague, follows thence the general course of the Elbe to its source in the mountains of Moravia; over northern Moravia, and southern Silesia, leaving Olmutz and Tropau to the southward, and Neisse and Tarnowitz to the northward, and entering Austrian Poland, leaving Lemburg or Leopol to the southward, and Cracow to the northward, intersects Russia near Kremenitz. In Russia this line traverses the governments of Volhynia, Kiev, Pultava, Kharkof, Voronetz, Don Kozaks, and the extreme southern part of Saratov, crossing the Wolga below Kamichin, and above Tzaritzin, and thence over the intermediate country to the Ural river, entering Asia below the Tartar town of Uralsk.

Leaving Russia out of the estimate, there are now according to the best authorities, in the residue of Europe about 175,000,000 of inhabitants; and of this mass exist to the north of N. lat. 50°:

All the inhabitants of the British islands	23,500,000
Northern part of France	2,000,000
Netherlands	5,000,000
Germany, northern part	15,000,000
Prussia	12,500,000
Denmark	2,000,000
Sweden	4,000,000
Amount total	64,000,000

According to this estimate, we find in the very changeful and comparatively harsh climate of northern Europe, sixty-four millions of people, or something above the one third part of the aggregate population of western Europe. But when we turn from mere numbers to actual intellectual advance, the contrast is completely reversed.—From authority entirely French, and now in my possession, there were in that kingdom in 1830, sixteen millions of its inhabitants who *could* not read. We may safely assume France as at least as far advanced as the aggregate of southern Europe; and if so, and we admit French evidence against France, there must be nearly a terrible amount of ninety millions of Europeans, southward of N. lat. 50°, who cannot read. While on this subject there are two remarks I cannot omit making:—first, where many cannot, there are always a greater number of those who can and do not read, than there is where reading is an art known to all, or to a great majority.—The second remark is, that where education is confined to a few, that minority is a most uniformly to be found in cities or towns. In southern Europe, education is in a very great degree confined to the cities, large towns or villages. To there observations, it is true there are exceptions, but as exceptions prove the rule, the general application is correct. Those well acquainted with the state of education in the United States, can decide how far the two preceding remarks apply to this side of the Atlantic; while I close this essay with some evidence to show that intellectual superiority depends but little on climate.

Malte Brun, writing and publishing in France, observes Vol. VIII. p. 538:

"The Scandinavian peninsula, much more enlightened than France, surpasses in information, not only Prussia, but also the British Islands. In Swedan "*every peasant can read;* all know their rights, and all join to a reasonable attachment to their religion, an attachment no less ardent, to a form of government, which has for ages protected their liberty."

"The number of students enrolled at Upsal, the principal university of Sweden, is above fourteen hundred, a result which shews, that the number of students at Upsal, exceeds that of several of the most renowned seminaries of Germany, which contain only six, seven, or eight hundred. Again what is very remarkable is, that of a thousand students at Upsal, about two hundred (one fifth) are the sons of peasants. The number of students at Lund, is nearly four hundred."—*Revue Encyclopedique, Vol. 41, p. 812.*

"There is much more (comparatively) of education in Denmark, than in France. It is rare to meet a peasant, or any other of the lower class in Denmark, who cannot read. In Denmark elementary education, is not confined as in France, to reading, writing, arithmetic, and religious instruction, but comprehends also, political history, geography, and natural history. The higher studies enjoy the same favor as the early branches of education."—*Malte Brun, Vol. 8, p. 578–9.*

Though the principles on which the system of education in Denmark is conducted, have met disapprobation as being too arbitrary by some French writers, they as well as all others, must confess, the effects to be very salutary fruits of power. The following is translated from the *Revue Encyclopedique, Vol. 44, p. 515.*

"Every commune in the whole extent of the kingdom of Denmark, possesses a commission of public instruction. The parents are *obliged by law* to send their children to the public school, or to satisfy the commissioners of their ability to educate their children at home; and it is part of the legal duties of the commissioners to secure that the law, as regards education is carried into effect, and to record any exception. To receive confirmation by the church depends on education, and of course, the civil right also, as without confirmation, no person in Denmark can marry, exercise any public function, or give testimony on oath."

From the preceding, we may rationally conclude that insanity of mind and stupid ignorance, can rarely characterize any citizen of either Sweden or Denmark.

Crossing the Baltic we reach Prussia and northern Germany; and in a few brief sentences we can learn the claims of the inhabitants of both countries to intellectual rank. In the 45th Vol. of the Revue Encyclopedique, p. 464–466, we have the following document.

"The Prussian government was the first to recognise an intellectual Germany, independent of political divisions. When we examine the foundations on which rests this empire of mind, it is found to consist in the freedom of public instruction. It is by this liberty, the source of all other rights, that Prussia is eminently German. Public instruction is free in Prussia, only wisely restrained and kept in due bounds."

The writer goes on to state the modes and arrangements necessary to the administration of education, and then observes, that, "the professors have full liberty of teaching, and many choose the subjects and modes of their lessons; and that the students on their side, have the choice of university, native or foreign, and in whatever seminary the choice of Professors."

Other observations again follow, as creditable to the Prussian modes of education, primary and classical, which the indispensable brevity of this essay compels me to omit—but the following it would be unpardonable to neglect.

"Besides the colleges, there exists in Berlin, 120 primary schools for the two sexes. All these establishments are subject to a general school commissioner, and to special superintendants. The instructors, and even the ladies who teach in the schools, have to submit to a rigorous examination.

"In all the provincial towns, the number of schools are in proportion to those in Berlin. Every village of any importance has its school, and very few Hamlets are without one. *It is almost impossible for a Prussian Peasant not to know how to read, because such knowledge forms part of religious instruction.* It is thus that the Prussian government watches over the education of the people, whilst securing to them a prudent share of liberty."

But we are not to stop with the means of education, but proceed to shew, that in northern Germany the people have not only learned how to read, but that they do read.

The first library formed at Berlin, was in 1659, under the administration of Frederick William, the Great Elector; and in 1829, Wilker, the first librarian to the King of Prussia, published a history of the royal library of Berlin, and stated, that it then contained 250,000 printed volumes, and 4611 manuscripts.

In the same year, 1829, the students in the Prussian Universities were in number at

Berlin	1706
Bogn	978
Breslau	1147
Griefswald	159
Halle	1291
Kœningsberg	405
Munster	361
	6047

The preceding, however, includes only the students in the Universities of Germany and Royal Prussia, and there is not much doubt but that the number might be doubled by those attending academies and other inferior seminaries not having the rank of Universities, though teaching the same branches. The following is a comparative tabular view of the other German Universities, in 1829.

Friburg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden	students	627
Giessen, Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt		556
Gœttenger, Kingdom of Hanover		1264
Heidelberg, Grand Duchy of Baden		602
Jena, Grand Duchy of Weimar		619
Liepzig, Kingdom of Saxony		1400
Marbourg, Electoral Hesse (Hesse Cassel)		351
Munich, Bavaria		1854
Wurtzburg, do.		513
Tubingen, Kingdom of Wurtemberg		876
		8564

Revue Encyclopedique, Vol. 49–236.

It would be presumption in the writer to entitle the preceding essay, even a sketch on education, but as public liberality is now held forth in aid of private exertion, the hints founded on documents domestic or foreign, may tend to assist in rousing energy on the first of all human considerations. The slight view taken of the state of education in the northern part of Europe, might, indeed, ought to have included the British islands, where examples on both extremes abound; but I may at some future time make the land of our fathers the subject of a special essay; and now it may be stated that the original of this paper was a lecture prepared for, and delivered to a company united in a Lyceum, and closed by the following general observations.

Our elementary books, it may be fearlessly asserted, abound in vulgar errors, which if we advance not beyond them, must be and remain engrafted on our minds.—Thus in cultivating our intellect, our labour is as necessary, often greater, and always more painful, to root up and destroy weeds than to sow the seed, and nourish the plants of real knowledge. In our progress learning and unlearning keep nearly equal pace, and can it be doubted, which is most salutary, the eradication of error or the acquirement of truth.

Of all errors, however, the most injurious are, an overweening opinion of every thing appertaining to our own, and depreciation of what belongs, or is supposed to belong to other countries.

The system of self instruction leads on to mutual instruction, and both superinduce a spirit of inquiry. In such progression minds act on minds, and emulative of each other, become habituated to enter on every pursuit, and awaken to actual observation, the all important question interchanged, "*why is it so?*" This very startling interrogatory pre-supposes that assent is no longer given to vulgar error, merely from its antiquity. As inquiry, reading and their never failing effect meditation, proceeds, mutual confidence between members of society, is strengthened from increasing conviction that every statement has to encounter the test of reason.—Frivolous thoughts and pursuits are supplanted by solid and enduring knowledge. In the operation of such a system, it may well be said, "*the school-master is abroad,*" as it constitutes every individual a teacher. The professors in this great seminary are paid for what they communicate, by what they receive. It is a system of intellectual commerce, wherein the exchange is always in favor of the most extensive importer. Where are we to find the staples for this commerce?—From earth, ocean, and air.

The staples for such a commerce were formed by the same hand, who spread the Heavens over our head, gave to us the earth as our dwelling, and filled the ocean and set bounds to its shores.

Do we seek to fill our mental stores from organised beings; animals and vegetables are found at every step. The green leaf, the many colored flower, and as variegated fruit, adorn and enrich the earth. Here botany which may be entitled the poetry of science, opens to us inexhaustible, elegant, useful and delightful subjects of examination and reflection. The elements of food, clothing, habitation, and means of locomotion are so extensively supplied by vegetable matter, as to render botany almost if not altogether illimitable; but its study at once forces us to extend our views beyond the vegetable, into the animal kingdom. The materials which in great part compose our houses, our fences, implements of husbandry, and our carriages or means of motion, from the rudest vehicle, to the proudest ship which breasts the deep, are it is true supplied from the vegetable kingdom. In all their splendor and usefulness, the innumerable families of vegetables rise on every side, as if to court the admiration and stimulate the contemplative powers of mankind; but this very contemplation leads us on to the discovery that vegetable beings seem created to sustain another and superior order of beings, animals. When we examine the smallest flower in a microscope, we very seldom find it uninhabited by animal life. When we examine the woods, the fields, and meadows, we feel that all their products are stores destined to nourish animation, and the same truth meets us, within the corolla of the smallest flower.

From the vegetables with all their attractions, we are, therefore, led away to animated nature, and vast is the kingdom into which we now enter. Now appear to us beings living, and moving by a power within each individual, and beings rising from the animalcule sporting in the rain drop, to MAN himself; from Zoophytes, to beings endowed with powers to scan the motions of the heavenly bodies; all pass before us, and subject to our observation, and if neglected, all shame our negligence.

Similar to many vegetable beings, many animals have entered into history with man himself. Associated with man from time immemorial, have been, the sheep, camel, goat, elephant, horse, cow, the dog, and some other quadrupeds, with many of the feathered tribes. From the spoils of animals have come our richest vestments, most nutritive food, many of our most splendid ornaments; and in the horse and elephant, the most powerful aid of man in peace and war.

In both kingdoms open to us, fields of observation and study, vast beyond all our exertion to reach their bounds. In the two great organised kingdoms, we are only distracted by choice of objects. In both, families press on families of beings to share our notice, and if we occupy our powers to compare them with each other, how sublime are the laws which must be every moment developed.—The resemblances and differences—the modes of production, growth, decay, and decomposition. The mysterious progress of existence, in which life and death appear as links alternating in an endless chain.

If again we quit to scan unorganised matter, we are merged into another immensity. So long have we been familiar with beholding a seed enclosed in the ground, and afterwards rising, at first a feeble and tender plant, but gradually swelling and rising to a stately tree blooming with flowers, clothed with richest foliage, and then bending under a load of fruit, that we are startled when our attention is called to such prodigious transformation. But our observation once awakened, our minds rush from wonder to wonder. We examine that soil composed of inert matter, in and on which these great metamorphoses are accomplished; and discover it to be an aggregation of elements, animal, vegetable, and mineral. Every spot, every stone, yes, every pebble affords a page, and in their composite materials we find a few simple bodies, and meet at every step the great truth, that nature by means of these simple elements, has compounded the crust of our earth, from the soil we cultivate to the snow capped mountain.

We advance and metallic matter is detected varying in color, solidity and density, and from this matter, as our faculties perfect our discoveries we give form and application to the almost infinite variety of articles of use, convenience and luxury; articles which could not be constructed from any other known matter. So admirable indeed are the properties of metals, that in addition to the innumerable other uses to which they have been applied, from it, and only advantageously from it could be formed that great auxiliary of man in the exchanges of other forms of matter, money.

All these unlimited fields of observation lie open to every mind in this, and in a greater or less degree in all civilized regions of the earth; and yet, the most elevated, study of man remains to be noticed. Astronomy which raises us above and beyond this globe, and its allurements and cares.

Here ought to be noticed and exploded, one of the most unfounded vulgar errors, which ever stood an obstacle to the progress of liberal knowledge. Astronomy has been regarded as inaccessible to the bulk of mankind, when in fact, the mechanism of the Solar system, is incomparably more simple, and of course more easily comprehended than that of a watch, clock, or steam engine. Either to write, read, or understand the higher calculations necessary to determine all the motions and places of the heavenly bodies, is, it is true, only attainable or really necessary to be attained by a few; but to comprehend the beautiful structure of the planetary systems; and the effect of gravitation in regulating the motion and preserving the order of the orbs, which revolve in space, is within the reach of every one, and when once comprehended, so few and so apparent are the principles, that they are no more to be forgotten, or more misunderstood than the revolutions of a common carriage.

Such is a feeble, but a sincere attempt to awaken where necessary, the readers to an exertion of their powers, and to point out the great groups of subjects which present themselves to our observation and study, and subjects to examine and compare, which demand no scholastic diploma. To them indeed, others as requisite may be added, and as much within the grasp of every one who possesses sufficient energy to make the attempt. In the first class of subjects accessible to all, are history and geography.—Might it not be said to the great body of mankind, "you have not time to study in colleges, but the universe around you is as wide and so abundant in objects demanding your every leisure moment, that you can call into continual action every faculty. You can give additional value to your own time and stimulate each other, in acquiring instruction or what will be brought to daily use, in the ordinary occupations and intercourse of social life. Exert then every power of your minds, cultivate every faculty, and make yourselves worthy to be members of a polished and enlightened, a truly social community. Cease to neglect the ordinary phenomena of nature, because they are common."

To illustrate the latter species of instruction, one or two striking examples will suffice. Behold that rough and shapeless stone, which every one passes and few or none regard, except perhaps as a nuisance. It is granite, and composed of three elementary substances, feldspar, quartz, and mica, one more or all of which elements abound in your soils and rocks; of granite and gneiss, they are the principal constituents. You pass by these fragments, because you have seen them from infancy, but your whole attention is roused and stretched to intensity, when first told, that the white and resplendent substance is feltspar or petunze, and that from it is formed in part, that elegant ornament of your tables, china ware. This other equally neglected substance, is common quartz, (gemmer or gem quartz of Werner,) and is employed in the manufacture of glass and artificial gems, also in the preparation of smelt, an ingredient in porcelain and other pottery. By still farther inquiry other and more astonishing uses of this rude stone are discovered.

By aid of artificial change made upon it, we are put in possession of a substance, by which in the most intense cold of winter we receive and enjoy the light of heaven; and have in our apartments the temperature of summer, when the earth without is covered with snow, and the streams bound in fetters of ice. By this artificial substance, we can hold in one hand an instrument *called a microscope*, by which animated beings are seen many thousand times less than those visible by the naked eye; and again, in the other hand an instrument *called the telescope*, by which their expanse of the universe is spread before us. By this great instrument were laid before us the moons and rings of Saturn, the remote planet Uranus and its moons, the small planets between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter; and if as no limit was to be admitted to the wide sweep of discovery, the Galaxy was dissected into separate stars—and that milky zone found to be formed of stars or suns innumerable. Other Nebulæ, starry and planetary appeared, until the soul of man sublimed by such range of vision could scarce conceive itself limited to the solar system.

To conclude, it is not too much to say, that with the microscope and telescope, the eyes of Archangels were placed in the human head. These instruments you can carry into the fields, and with them rise to the most stupendous parts of creation, or descend into, if possible, more wonderful scenes in viewing the infinitely minute objects of creative power.

For many ages, all, and to this moment, the far greater part of mankind have lived on earth like children in their cradle. Curious to inquire causes, but impatient to receive instruction, taking fables for science. A few have slowly learned that it was not requisite to seek truth from the dark oracles of a sanctuary, but that God himself had written on the face of the world, and left them to study and read this immense volume, the universe.

MARK BANCROFT.

* Penny Magazine, December 1833.

As habits of intoxication are not soon or easily acquired, being in most constitutions, especially in early years, accompanied with fits of fear and head ache, young persons may easily guard against them. I have sometimes met with those who had made it a rule never to drink any thing stronger than water, who were respected on that very account; who enjoyed health and strength and vigour of mind, and gaiety of heart in an uncommon degree; and were so far from considering themselves as under any painful restraint that they assured me they had no more inclination to taste wine, or strong drink, than I could to eat a nauseous medicine. If I could prevail on my young friends to imitate the example, I should do much good to their souls and bodies, their fortunes and intellects; and be happily instrumental in preventing a thousand vices and follies, as well as many of the infirmities which beset the old age of him who has given way to intemperance in youth.

From the American Monthly Magazine of June.

DEER-HUNTING *vs.* DEAR-HUNTING.

BY A QUINQUEGENARIAN.

"I never nurst a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die."

I LIKE a magnificent opening;—as thus:—The effulgent sun, as he sank beneath the shadowy veil of the dusky horizon, tinging with celestial glory the circumambient clouds, shed a parting ray on the door of the Burlington and Wixham stage, as it toiled along the Cranstown turnpike, heavily laden with thirteen inside and two outside passengers.

The insides were such as nature, education and their tailors had made them. The outsides were my friend Sam. Weatherby and myself. Sam and I were College cronies of four year's standing. I hardly know how we first became intimate; our rooms were far apart, and our names at opposite ends of the alphabet. Nevertheless, we happened to be thrown together pretty often at the beginning of the course, and contracted a sort of chemical affinity—an indecomposable union of unlike substances. I was pleased with his fine manliness of character and appearance, his perfect unsophisticatedness (shade of Johnson, forgive me!) and Green-mountain simplicity, I liked to hear his innumerable stories, told in his own odd way, of Vermont wars, and ghosts, and pretty lasses; especially and most seriously did I incline to his marvellous tales of multitudinous exploits by flood and field, done against the dwellers of earth, air, and sea. Clouds of blue pigeons darkening the sky,—brooks teeming with Epicurean trout—woods overrun by herds of stately deer; these were the visions which swam before my amazed imagination as I drank in the magnificent recitals of my Nimrod.

It was then with the utmost alacrity that I accepted his invitation, to spend the last vacation of my College course at his father's dwelling, in the northern part of Vermont. There was, indeed, to a denizen of our bustling and enlightened city, an excitement in the very idea of penetrating into those recesses of barbarism, which the fancy is apt to picture in those remote crannies of the earth—where a mirror is an unheard-of phenomenon,—where dress is in the style of half a (fashionable) century back,—and where the only intellectual cultivation is derived from the Bible and English Reader. Alas! I was doomed to learn that there was such a thing as city ignorance as well as rustic simplicity.

The stage turned up at Weatherby's home a little after dark. It was a large two-story house, painted white, and considerably more stylish than I had expected to see. My friend's father, however, was one of the magnates of the county, being a wealthy gentleman-farmer, who had served for years in the capacity of State Representative. He received us at the door with the warmth and kindness of true hospitality, and immediately ushered us into the best parlor. Sympathetic reader! feel for me. The room was crammed to repletion with a collection of the whole Cranstown aristocracy. We had, thanks to bad roads and unlucky stars, arrived on the very evening of a grand tea-party. Tired, dusty, and travel-stained, I was to be introduced to the solemn circle. Shade of Brummel! could I have invoked on me thy spirit of impudence, of unblushing brass,—I might have been happy. As it was, I was somewhat re-assured by finding that most of those whose critical inspection I was undergoing, were such as my imagination had painted—persons from whose taste and discrimination I might reasonably hope not to be remarkably annoyed. The meek, unassuming, aged minister, and his equally unassuming spouse,—one spruce, middle-aged lawyer,—one emaciated school-master,—three knowing shopkeepers with their halves, and a large infusion of upper mechanics and farmers completed the assembly.

But there was one exception to the rule of intellectual mediocrity. Reader, mark the exception! While suffering, with lamb-like resignation, the ceremony of introduction, I had in return for a particular stylish bow, received a glance from a pair of deep, dark, lustrous eyes, such as Aspasia might have envied. Was it then singular that, when the bustle of my friend's entrance and delighted reception gave me a moment's freedom, my looks should stray again toward the owner of those speaking orbs?—Our eyes met; a single glance assured me that I had discovered a being of a superior order to the crowd around her, and I needed not my friend's affirmation to convince me that she was looked upon as quite the genius of the town; that she had read full two dozen of novels, and was the authoress of some exquisite lines on the death of a kitten; and all this at the early age of sixteen. I was, to be sure, a little damped at learning that she was simply the daughter of a very respectable farmer, but consoled myself, on finding that she bore the sweet and lovely name of Mary Fay.

She was a beautiful creature—this Mary Fay. Just blushing into the graces of womanhood, with the step of a fairy and the delicate form of one also; eyes which flashed upon you from underneath their long lashes like melting diamonds; a high, clear brow, shaded by glossy curls and a rich pouting underlip, which a wandering bee might have lighted on by mistake. "Pray heaven her mind be equally lovely," I thought, "that the gem may be worthy the casket."

I soon perceived that my entrance had created a sensation. The apparition of a collegian is no everyday occurrence among the rocks and hills of Cranstown. Conversation was nearly extinct; the minister, the lawyer and the pedagogue kept up, indeed, a spirited trial-gue on the prospects of American literature; though I remarked that on my entrance they were debating the price of Genesee flour. Few, however, seemed inclined to follow their example; an awful silence was about to ensue, and I perceived that a mighty effort would be necessary.

Just then the lady by my side observed, in faltering accents, that "she suspected I had made a rather tiresome journey."

I turned with majestic deliberation. "Mere corporeal lassitude, Ma'am," I replied, "is neutralized by intellectual delectation. The dilatory progression of our transporting vehicle was well remunerated by the occular fascinations of the circumjacent scenery. It was, as Heliodorus well observes, 'quite prime,'—

Arma virumque cano *qui primus* ab oris.'"

I cast a glance around the circle to assure myself of the effect. It was decisive; every tongue was silent, every eye was fixed upon the speaker in mute admiration.

Did I say *every eye?* I was wrong; for in that reconnoitering look my own were met by a glance from the bright orbs of Mary Fay, absolutely tearful with merriment, which she was endeavouring to conceal behind her mother's chair. My opinion was made up on the instant; take it as an invariable rule, the only minds of a most delicate order, can rightly appreciate humor.

I cannot see how it should concern the reader, that I most unprecedently presumed to gallant Miss Fay to her home, on the strength of a mere silent introduction; or that I took the liberty of inquiring after her health on the following day; or that a slight cold which she had taken gave me a pretext for another call—*et si de cæteris.* In fact, I cannot conceive how my present narrative should be of the slightest interest to any mortal breathing; and I do earnestly conjure the courteous reader to pass on to some article more worthy attention. Not let it be imagined that I write for men's perusal or approbation. Were I really a city exquisite, detailing his graceless adventures among the barbarians of the North,—or a dapper, lounging collegian, spreading to the world the history of his earliest love-scrapes,—well might I be scorned by the sober public as the insignificant victim of idle folly or craving vanity. But the faded, sober Quinquegenarian,—the staid bachelor, addicted to port wine and reverie,—may be allowed to rake over, with faltering hand, the dying embers of memory, perchance to discover some last lingering spark, of happy reminiscence whereat to cheer his chilled and withered frame.

And now, if I did not hate digression, I have a theory of my own,—a very pretty theory, indeed—which I should like to explain to the public. Old gentlemen, who sit alone by a hard-coal fire, in an upper story, are exceedingly apt to speculate; not perhaps in the stocks,—but in stockings and slippers. But I have, as I said, a perfect horror of digression; I have walked through a mud-puddle rather than go out of my course to spare my boots. I love a bold, straight-forward, rectilinear line of progression; never was my admiration more warmly excited than by the story of the Indian heroes, who chose rather to suffer death than be turned from their track. This was, indeed, the true spirit of rectitudinal martyrdom. There is, after all, no trait of the character of our aborigines more distinctive or more admirable than their unconquerable perseverance; had they but possessed an energy equal to their firmness, the spot where I now write might be the scite of a Pokanoket wigwam. It it be true, as is asserted, that the Indian skulls which have been unearthed are much smaller than those of the Europeans, it will afford a singular corroboration of the Phrenological doctrine, which makes force of character to depend on size of brain. Indeed, who that has studied, however slightly, the principle of this science (if such I may call it,) has not been struck with many instances, to say the least of remarkable coincidences, which have afforded him much food for meditation. Perhaps, however, the same might be said of theories still more removed from the beaten track of scientific exploration. In truth, facts are, as philosophers well know, the most deceitful props of an argument; and every prudent, as well as fair reasoner, will, for his own sake, beware how he employs them.

But, as I said, I have a horror of digression. I have no idea of being dragged along, like one in a file of convicts, "by the chain of association." I abominate it. I abjure it. Mary Fay was a lovely girl. I never met with a mind of loftier susceptibilities. She had read but little, for her situation had not permitted it; and the habit of thinking much and deeply on what she had read, gave a pensive, perhaps fanciful cast to her mind. She seemed to care little for the acquisition of new facts and knowledge. To invent, to theorise, to reason, to search for first principles, was her delight; and her thoughts would spring at a glance to a conclusion, for which hours of tardy observation and deduction would have been necessary to others. With all this, she had a most exquisite taste for the ludicrous, a refined sense of the ridiculous in speech and action, which I have never seen surpassed. A glance of her merry eye, a quiver of her beautiful lip, conveyed a volume of fun. It was irresistible. It may be that this description will be thought unnatural and overwrought.—For this I care not; it is enough for me that such a creature as I have attempted to describe once existed. Of its suitableness I cannot judge; but its truth is written in indelible letters on my heart.

My venatorial studies, in the mean time, went on spiritedly under the guidance of my friend. I was not wholly a novice in this line, as I had, from my schoolboy days, been in the habit of waging an inveterate war with the tribes of pepe and yellow-leg, on Chelsea-beach; and, with modesty be it said, I invariably came off victor in the contest; though it must be confessed that the number of missing on the part of the enemy bore an alarming proportion to the killed and wounded. Hence, as may be well be supposed, my first efforts against the fowls of Green Mountain air, were any thing but successful. A grinning rustic, who saw me one day as I gazed with a look of amazement and despair at the departing flock of pigeons, into which I had vainly discharged my piece, observed, by way of consolation, that I had, at least, 'made the feathers fly.' I gave him a certain remarkable look which I sometimes inflict, and which never fails—a look expressing a compound of the deepest contempt, of the most utter derision, and the most withering scorn. The effect was instantaneous; the fellow raised his fist, and threatened to knock me down.

Under the instruction of Sam, the difficulties arising from the wide difference between beach and inland gunnery were soon overcome; and the birds, whose careless unconcern had at first provoked my wrath, were now becoming more shy of my prowess. Yet the quantity of game bagged by me did not materially increase—a fact at which I marvelled much less than my friend. *He* knew not that the first duty of a good sportsman—to be always on the alert—was by me most culpably neglected; that when my eye should have been intent on a covey of partridges, and my ear listening to the chatter of the squirrel, the mind, alas! and I fear the heart also, was out on a little scouting expedition of its own. *He* knew not that often, when my fowling-piece was poised in the deadly aim, there would flit between it and the mark a bright image—a shadow of beauty—'with dancing hair and laughing eyes,'—to turn me from my murderous intent, and set me musing on the charms of Mary Fay. Reverie, the worst habit for a hunter to fall into, was want to beset me. But the day-dreams which floated around me now were far different from the visions of the pale, ambitious student, whose thoughts, from the solitude of his humble chamber, rose upward to the high places of earth and the pinnacle of Fame's temple. But now, wheresoever I might stray, in the depths of the interminable forest, or among the pine-crowned summits of the craggy mountains, there ever swam before my mind's eye the picture of a lowly cottage, clasped by embosoming hills, and shaded by green trees, wherein dwelt, afar from the tumult and strife of the world's mad ambition, meek-eyed Content, and nestling Love, and Happiness, and Mary Fay. Alas! the aspiring fancies of the visionary boy; what are they now but the reminiscences of the forlorn, declining bachelor? And that other picture—those bright after-dreams of love, and hope, and ceaseless pleasure—they too—but of that anon.

One pleasant afternoon I was invited by my friend to join him in an expedition which he meditated. He had discovered a small pond, or rather puddle, in the woods of Asconset, about five miles from the village, where the deer, which yet roamed in droves through their aboriginal forests, were accustomed to drink. Near the water we were to lie in ambush in the darkness of night, and might hope, with good luck and a fair moon, to secure at least some thoughtless fawn, if not an antlered monarch of the waste. I had only time to make my preparations, and promise Mary a pair of fawn-skin moccasins and her father a haunch of venison, when the springless wagon, in which all the peregrinations of this primitive region were performed, rattled to the door. And now for Asconset wood and a noble buck.

The afternoon was fair, and gave promise of a cloudless night. There was yet light enough, when we arrived, to show the recent and indubitable foot-prints of deer, mingled, indeed, with those of the sheep and cattle which pastured on the surrounding hills. Having tethered our horse at some distance from the pond, and supplied him with abundant provision, we prepared with great care our couching places a few rods apart. It is essential that the hunter thus in ambush preserve the strictest silence; a whisper a rustling of the foliage, the snapping of a withered branch, are sufficient to betray to the watchful chase the proximity of its foes. Accordingly, with rifles cocked and patient resolution, we extended ourselves each on his bed of leaves, to await the coming minute.

The night came down, dark and stirless. Not a breath of air murmured among the tall old trees; the only sounds which could be distinguished in that voiceless waste where the harsh croak of the vigilant frogs in the neighbouring pool, and the querulous wail of the swooping night-hawk. As the darkness fell deeper and deeper, these noises gradually died away, and the unbroken silence of the night began to have a most dismal effect on my nerves. A feeling came over me, such as I never experienced but on one occasion before. It was during a vacation in which, for some reason needless to mention, I remained at the University a few days after the rest had departed. About ten in the evening I rose from the book over which I had been long poring, and looked out into the College yard. The buildings surrounding the space on which I gazed, commonly at this hour blazing with lights, were wholly dark and rayless; then the thought arose in me, for the first time, that of the hundreds who *but* a week past has filled the halls with *light*, and sound, and *life*, I alone was *left*; a sensation of utter loneliness, of deep desolation, came over me, the like of which I would not wish to suffer again. Of a similar nature, though by no means so intense, was the feeling which now began to gather round me, and I hailed the rising of the melancholy moon with an emotion of almost delight.

On a sudden, an animal issued from the thicket, about ten rods from the pond, and approached it with hesitating pace. The dim haze which shrouded all objects rendered it impossible for me to distinguish its species; but my highest anticipations were realized when my sharper-eyed companion murmured in the lowest possible whisper,—"It is a fawn—a beautiful red fawn." The creature advanced slowly to the brink of the water, turning on every side, and listening as if in fear of enemies. At the appointed signal from my friend I fired. The creature flung its heels into the air, in scorn of my erring shot, and bounded towards the thicket. Sam arose with the coolness of a veteran sportsman, advanced a few steps, and watching his opportunity as the animal turned to take a last look at its pursuers, levelled his rifle at its side a little back of the fore-shoulder. The report was followed by a cry of pain, and the wounded animal sprang with convulsive bounds into the thicket, and was lost to sight. We hurried to the spot; the ground was wet with blood, and we were able to follow the red trail for some distance. At length, however, as the darkness of the woods began to hide the track from sight, we determined to leave it for the present, and return in the morning with the dogs—secure of finding the bleeding fawn, dead or dying, somewhere near our station. Merry was our homeward drive that night, and the beech trees and pines of Asconset woods rang to the sound of many a joyous carol—what was want ing in execution being well supplied in voice. We arrived home about midnight; but though so late, the family, in hope of our return, had not yet retired; and many a sleepy eye, which brightened at the news of our success, was soon closed in the quiet of a dreamless slumber.

It was late the next morning when Sam and myself descended to the breakfast table. Mr. Weatherby, who had been up several hours, received us with a smile of mysterious import, and inquired when we were to set off in search of our game.

"As soon as we have finished our breakfast, Sir," answered my friend. "But what is the matter?" he asked, looking round on the faces of his parents and sisters, lit up with ill-concealed mirth; "is there any thing ludicrous in two young hunters, who have been up half the night, turning late risers?"

"Not the least, Samuel," answered the old gentleman. "But Captain Fay has been here this morning with a singular story. He declares that one of his cattle, a pet calf of his daughter's, crawled home late last night with a rifle bullet in its shoulder; he thinks it possible that you my know something of it."

"*A calf!*"

"Mary Fay's calf!"

Sam looked at me; I looked at my friend. Cruikshanks should have painted that look.

Then broke forth the tide of merriment; we were fairly overwhelmed with jest, and pun, and irony; and, after bearing up manfully for a while against the torrent, were compelled to retreat. Out of doors it was no better. The story of our adventure had spread like wildfire. That morning the whole population of Cranstown, seemed to have cudgelled their brains for quips and quirks against the unfortunate deer-hunters. One requested the favour of a haunch; another observed that Science was under great obligations to us for the new species of "cervus" which we had *revealed*—"d'ye take?" Dr. Fondit, the village physician, stopped his sulky to compliment us, with a luminous twinkle of the left eye, on the courage and firmness which we had displayed, declaring that "our *pluck* was well worth our *calf's-head.*" And, worse than all, some very kind friend was good enough to show me a copy of some exquisitely humourous verses, in which, under the titles of Theseus and Pirithous, Sam and myself were shown off in a most elegantly ridiculous attitude. It needed but a glance to assure me of the writer. O Mary, Mary! I could have borne the miserable jesting and idle sarcasms of others; but that *thou*, to whom I looked for consolation and support; thou! whose duty it was to have sympathised with my sorrows and bound up my broken heart; that thou, too, shouldst turn against me! It was too much.—I uttered a malediction, and rushed to my room. In twenty minutes my trunk were packed, and in one hour I was on my way to the University. I forget what excuse I gave my friend for my abrupt departure; but I believe he understood the case as well as myself.

A week's reflection was sufficient to convince me of the very foolish part I had acted in thus yielding to my resentment. I wrote a most earnest letter to Mary, in which I condemned myself in toto for my haste, entreated her forgiveness and reiterated my vows of unalterable affection. Three months afterwards I received the following answer:—

"*Dear Sir:*"—"I have been very negligent in not having answered your obliging letter; but I have been occupied this fall in attending to my father, who has been very sick of the asthma. At one time Dr. Fondit was afraid he would not recover; however, he is much better now. I have lately begun the study of Botany, which I admire exceedingly for its beautiful classification. Pray, can you procure for me 'Bigelow's Plants of Boston?' if you can, you will very much oblige me. Excuse the briefness of this note, as I am at present particularly engaged.

Yours ever, MARY FAY."

"P. S.—You must direct your next letter to me by another name; Mr. Brief is our most promising lawyer, and is spoken of everywhere as a most intelligent young man. Father has been obliged to kill the poor calf.

Yours, M. F."

LETTERS FROM AFRICA.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LETTER XIX.

February 19, 1835.

I know not what I can tell you of my adventures in returning from Bona to Algiers, unless you will excuse me for recording an obligation which I owed to the Lieutenant of the steamer in which I embarked. To carry me out to that steamer with my servant and luggage, I hired a boat with three boatmen, to whom, on coming aboard, I offered as many francs for the trouble of rowing me about the distance of a stone-cast. One of the knaves followed me up to the deck, and, throwing down the money, begged leave to assure me that I was no gentleman. I coolly picked up my silver, collared the fellow took him before the lieutenant, and explained the cause of our dispute. The lieutenant, like a second Daniel, gave judgment against my adversary. "You rascal," he said to him, "have you dared to refuse what is three times your fare? But your insolence shall be punished." He then seized him by the shoulders, turned him round, and gave him three of the handsomest kicks that I ever saw bestowed on the after-part of a human body. In a general view, I disapprove of man kicking his brother man; but here there was a fair exception to the rule. I had justice on my side, and, with the picked up francs in my hand, I felt that I had "*stooped to conquer.*" I gave them to the knave, and added, "Remember not to keep the three kicks that you have got, any more than the three francs, all to yourself; two of them are due to your companions."

When I look to the date of this letter, I am afraid that, before it reaches you, you will have been alarmed at my silence. During the two past weeks no packet has sailed for France; the intercourse with Europe has been stopped by such tempests, as even the stormy winter of Algiers has not witnessed for several seasons. The 11th and 12th of February were memorable days. On the morning of the former day, about 1 A. M., I was awakened by the howling of the wind:—

"That night a child might understand
The De'il had business on his hand,"—

and, accordingly, the De'il was very busy next day; for, after having wrecked fourteen ships at Bona and Bougia, he paid us a visit, and the storm has smashed one and twenty vessels in the harbour, or, I should rather say, the roadstead, of Algiers—for, properly speaking, there is no protecting harbour. A pier, the improved erection of which is said to have cost the French a million of francs, or forty thousand pounds, has been swept away like a loaf of sugar; and it is calculated that the entire loss by these gales will amount to three times that sum. But what is most deplorable, fourteen human beings have perished.

Unable to get any repose on the awful night of the 11th, I dressed myself, and got up to the house-top, where I could keep my feet only by clinging to the breast-work. The moon hung low, and faintly reddened the creamy whiteness of the boiling deep. As the day advanced, the north-west wind grew, if possible more furious, and the wrecks of seven vessels came in by fragments to the beach below the town. In spite of the tremendous surf, there were persons hardly enough to venture their lives in getting goods from the wrecked vessels. A poor French cobbler of Algiers, in imitation of the saint and patron of his trade, King Crispin,* seeing the "Trois gaza per undas," swam out of the tempting treasure, and *came to his last.*

Nine Swedes belonging to a Russian ship were drowned in their boat, within sight of us, and a French captain of artillery, a much lamented young man, perished in bravely attempting to save them. Many honourable traits of French courage and humanity have been shown on this occasion, and it was quite proper that the "Moniteur Algerien" should record them; but there was surely no necessity for subjoining the following anecdote respecting Admiral Bretonnière as a proof of his sagacity. The worthy officer, it seems, was going down to the beach wrapped up in his great-coat when he had nearly been blown into the sea, coat and all; but, luckily he met in his way a cannon fixed erect in the ground, and he had actually "the *presence of mind*," says the "Moniteur," "to save himself by clasping this cannon with both his hands." Without questioning the Admiral's sagacity, why compliment him on doing what any creature, human or simous, would have done in the same circumstances.

One glorious instance of intrepidity was given, I am happy to say, by an Englishman. The French have not published it, but they speak of it with due and high admiration. The captain of a British merchantman, whose name I am sorry I omitted to learn, though he was pointed out to me, had confidence enough in his own seamanship to weather the whole storm, and when a boat was sent out to bring him ashore, he calmly said, "That it was his duty to save the ship and cargo if he could, and that he would do his duty." His vessel, a puny-looking thing of fifty tons, had a crew of five men, four of whom he sent ashore, and retained only one sailor, besides his own son, a boy only ten years old. "Why retain the poor child?" you will say. I tell you he was no poor child, but a noble boy, and he persisted in refusing to leave his father. Nor was this a freak of rashness on the part of the captain, but an act of cool and calculating bravery. He knew the strength of his little brig, and trusted to the tenacity of both his anchors. He even reckoned that he should be safe with one of them, should it be necessary to cut the cable of the other. This manœuvre eventually became necessary. During those two awful days, the main cause of destruction to the ship was their running foul of each other; according when one or two of the miserable drifting wrecks were coming down, and ready to bump him to destruction, he cut his cable and swung out of bumping reach.

When I saw this brave mariner and his boy, the countenance of the former struck me by its expression of mildness almost amounting to simplicity: it reminded me of one of Morland's best pictures of an English peasant.

Yet, with all my pride in our native seamen, I have been no indifferent witness to the sufferings and fortitude of those of France. The Eclaireur steamship, in which I came from Bona, had gone again thither, and, coming back, reached Algiers on the second day of the storm. Never shall I forget my sensations at seeing this gallant vessel engaged in a combat with the elements, which every spectator regarded as utterly hopeless. The spray flashed over her so as to make us believe at times that her hull was irrecoverably under water. Again she rose in sight, but again the ruffian waves, like assassins shouldering their victim, whirled her back from her course. To think she had human beings on board was sufficiently painful; but to those who had acquaintances and friends among the seemingly devoted sufferers, the spectacle was heart-rending. For my own part, I had had but a short acquaintance with the officers of the Eclaireur; but they had shown me every possibly civility, and I felt for them as for friends. At last, in spite of all difficulties, they got to anchor off Cape Matifou; but it was still uncertain there whether her anchorage would continue firm, or the ship's timbers keep together. Rumour says the highest marine authority at Algiers signalled a command to them, to run in upon the sands of Cape Matifou, about a league below the town; an order which was tantamount to bidding them drown themselves. The captain, however, knew better; he rode at anchor till the tempest somewhat abated, and at last succeeded in getting into Algiers. Happily no lives were lost on board the Eclaireur; but she could only be brought in in a state so nearly approaching to a wreck, that it has not been thought expedient to repair her. She is English built; and I doubt if French carpenters are up to the skill of repairing a steamer. Be this as it may, the unfortunate captain, though there is not a shadow of reflection on his character, retains only his rank in the service, and, for the present, loses his livelihood.

During those terrible days—you may easily suppose that we had scarcely any other subject of interest or conversation in Mr. St. John's house than the fate of our fellow-creatures at sea—one of his beautiful little daughters, about seven years old, came to her mother in the crisis of the danger, and said, with tears in her eyes, "Mamma, I wish to pray for these sufferers in the ships, but I know not how to compose a prayer—do put words together for me, that I may get them by heart, and pray to God for the poor people."

Now that the storm is overblown, I have leisure to deliberate what I shall next do with my humble self. As I wish to see as much as possible of the Algerine Regency, I should gladly venture once more into the inland country as far as Constantina, if it were possible either to travel unprotected, or to find a protecting convoy: but it would have been safer fifty years ago, than it is at present for any European, to have penetrated so far from the coast as Constantina. My object must therefore be to get to Oran, the farthest western point of the Regency, of which the French have taken possession, since it is accessible by sea. The sea, however, has of late left no very seducing impression on my mind; and although at the moment I am writing he reminds me of the glorious words of Æschylus, whilst his waves "interminably wreath their crisped smiles"—yet I cannot think of immediately trusting myself to his hospitality, and shall accordingly tarry a little longer at Algiers.

* King Crispin, the saint of the shoemakers, was drowned in consequence of plunging into a river, down the stream of which a dead horse was floating, which his Sutoric Majesty mistook for a huge ball of reen.—*Vide Sylburgiusde Gestis Regum.*

THE EMIGRANT'S ADVENTURE.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"What a romantic spot for any one who admires sweet solitude!" exclaimed Mrs. Hubbard, as the exploring party paused, and the ladies alighted to rest the weary horses.

"Secluded but not solitary, madam," remarked Captain Austin, leaning on his rifle and glancing his eye around with the air of a man who is confident in his own superior judgment. "We have no solitudes in America."

"Dear me! I thought most of this western country was called a solitude; and I am sure we have found it lonesome enough," said Miss Cunningham, sighing as she seated herself beneath the shade of a large tree.

"What is a solitude?" demanded the captain, very pompously.

"That would be decided according to circumstances and tastes, I presume," replied Mr. Hubbard, smiling as he drew his young wife's arm within his own.—"Now while Mary and I are together we should never find a solitude."

"In my opinion, there are only two circumstances which can justify the term as applied to places," pursued the captain. "We may call it the solitude of nature, where we find no life, as in the deserts of Arabia; and where man has been and has passed away, it is rightly styled a human solitude;—such are the ruins of Petra, Palmyra, and Babylon."

"Then the mounds in our western country are solitudes, are they not?" inquired Mrs. Hubbard.

"No: because there is no proof that those were ever dwellings of the living," replied Captain Austin. "I know some antiquarians pretend that they have found traces of fortifications, but I think these opinions erroneous. They were burial places. True, there must have been inhabitants in the vicinity, but they have left no trace of their existence, except their bones in these mounds. Nature, then, has completely triumphed over the works of man, if indeed he ever had subdued her domain, which I much doubt; and nature, as I before remarked, cannot be called solitary, while her empire is full of living things. In our pleasant land there is not a single desert solitude."

"You are still a true American, I see, notwithstanding your foreign travels," remarked Mr. Hubbard.

"Do you think I could have less patriotism than an Icelander?" demanded Captain A——, warmly. "If an inhabitant of that country of frost and fire, can believe his lava-formed and snow-covered mountains is the pleasantest home on earth, shall I be insensible to the high privileges which my birthright as a free citizen of this mighty republic inspires? But one must go abroad to know how to prize our country. It is not so much its freedom as its security, which is the great privilege we enjoy."

"Why, there are no dangers to be encountered in Europe, that ever I heard of," remarked Miss Cunningham. "A great many gentlemen and ladies from the United States now make the tour of Europe, or visit France and England, at least, and I thought it was a most delightful journey."

"Yes, one may travel through those countries, if he has his passports; but in France he must submit to many scrutinizing and troublesome delays. Then there are beggars to annoy you, and thieves and highwaymen you must guard against, if you are so lucky as to escape them. In Italy and Austria you are under strict surveillance; police spies are constantly watching you, and an unguarded expression may subject you to arrest, or an order to quit the country.—But these countries are an Utopia for travellers, compared with Asia and Africa. There men are robbers by profession; and, as if these were not scourge sufficient, the wild animals swarm there; ferocious beasts have the undisputed possession of a great part of those continents. Now it is a fact, which I could never make an European philosopher comprehend, that we have scarcely a single species of ferocious animals in all the vast forests of our country. A fierce bear is sometimes found in the vicinity of the Rocky mountains, but he rarely attacks our western hunters. I have travelled from Maine to Florida, I have visited every state and territory, except Oregon, and in all my wanderings I never met with an accident to alarm me, nor with any adventure which could be called dangerous."

"O, mercy! mercy!" exclaimed Miss Cunningham, who, in elevating her face to listen to the eloquence of the captain, had unconsciously gazed into the tree top above her head—"O, save me! save me!" she shrieked, and sprang towards Mrs. Hubbard.

The party, started by her screams, looked towards the tree, and there saw a large panther evidently prepared to spring on the head of a victim. The horses saw the terrific animal and shook with fear; they were quite as much frightened as Miss Cunningham, though they could not express their terrors so readily.

Captain Austin might have been a little discomposed at this mal-apropos appearance of a "ferocious animal" in an American forest, but he was not at all daunted. He raised his unerring rifle. The whole group were breathless with fear or surprise. The next moment the sharp sound of the rifle rang through the old woods, and awakened the deep echoes from the hill side, startling from its quiet haunt many a bird and squirrel, whose peace had never before been disturbed by such a noise in that quiet place.

"There he is, there he is!" shouted Mr. Hubbard, as the smoke from the rifle dispersed—"there, he is falling. You have another charge, have you not? These creatures are hard to kill."

While he spoke, the panther had fallen, struggling and shrieking, and lay wallowing in his gore on the ground. Captain Austin, to make sure of his work, placed the muzzle of his rifle, after reloading it, direct against the head of the animal and discharged it—he never moved afterwards.

"You have found a ferocious animal at last, captain," said Mr. Hubbard, smiling.

"Yes, and I can say as the gallant Perry said of the British fleet—I have met the enemy and he is mine."

For the Saturday Evening Post.

LACONICS.—No. XIII.

Desires and aversions are two copious classes of passions; and assume different forms, and are called by different names, according to the good or evil that draws them forth, and its situation with respect to us. For example; present good gives rise to *joy*, probable good to *hope*, present evil to *sorrow*, probable evil to *fear*; good qualities in another person raise our *love* or *liking*, evil qualities in another our dislike, &c.

If you desire to bind your acquaintance to you, you must be occasionally shy and ceremonious—this induces respect as well as friendship, and prevents familiarity.

All confidence is dangerous if it be not implicit; in most conjunctures you must either disown all, or conceal all. You have already told too much of your secret to that man from whom you consider it prudent to conceal one single circumstance.

In friendship we confide our secret—but it escapes us in love.

Religion and morality perhaps speak best for themselves—generally I mean:—I do not recommend you to talk or act like a missionary or enthusiast, nor that you should take up controversial cudgels against whoever attack the sect you are of, this would be both useless and unbecoming—especially in a young man of the world—but I mean that you should by no means seem to approve, encourage, or applaud those libertine notions which strike at all religions equally.

Sudden love is the most difficult to cure.

From vice proceed unnumbered calamities and evils which are continually infesting us; and mingling disappointment, vexation, and bitterness with our enjoyments and comforts. This is the cruel enemy which renders man destructive to man; which racks the body with pain, and the mind with remorse; which produces pride, faction, revenge, oppression and sedition; which embroils society, kindles the flames of war, and erects inquisitions; which takes away peace from life, and hope from death; which brought forth death at first, and has ever since clothed it with all its terrors; which arms nature and the God of nature against us; and against which it has been the business of all ages to point out provisions and securities by various institutions, forms of government, decrees, and laws: But the effects of vice in the present world, however shocking, are nothing to what we have reason to expect will be its effects hereafter.

Some passions are called unnatural, as *envy*, *pride*, and *malevolence*. The reason is because they are destructive of good affections that are natural. We naturally love excellence wherever we see it; but the envious man hates it, and wishes to be superior to others, not by raising himself by honest means, but by injuriously pulling them down. It is natural to rejoice in the good of others; but the malevolent heart triumphs in their misery. It is natural for us to regard mankind as our companions, our brethren, but the proud man regards himself only, despising others as if they were beneath him. These unnatural passions are always evil; they make a man odious to his fellow creatures and unhappy in himself; and they tend to the utter depravation of the human soul. Anger and resentment may lead to mischief, but if kept within due bounds are useful for self-defence, and therefore not to be altogether suppressed. We may be angry without sin; and not to resist injury is the same thing as not to perceive it, which would be insensibility. Nay on some occasions resentment and anger are further useful, by cherishing in us an abhorrence of injustice, and fortifying our minds against it. But pride, malevolence and envy, can never be useful or innocent; to indulge than even for a moment is criminal:—The kind of pride here denounced is in other words—insolence, arrogance, inordinate and unreasonable self-esteem, and presumption.—There is another kind of pride which is a virtue, and of which I have elsewhere spoken in the "Laconics."

Endeavour to preserve a healthful, cheerful state of mind, so as to enjoy yourself to the uttermost in any situation in which you may be placed.

Nothing in a more astonishing manner displays the power of habit, or rather of habit and genius united, in facilitating the performance of the most complex and most difficult exertions of the human mind, than the eloquent and unstudied harangue of a graceful speaker, in a great political assembly. It is long before we learn to articulate words, long before we can deliver them with exact propriety; and longer still before we can recollect a sufficient quantity of them, and out of many that may occur, at once, select instantly the most proper. Then the rules of grammar, of logic, of rhetoric, and of good breeding, which can on no account be dispensed with, are so numerous that volumes might be filled with them, and years employed in the ready use of them. Yet to the accomplished orator, all this is so familiar, in consequence of being habitual, that without thinking of his rules, or violating any one of them, he applies them all; and has, at the same time, present to his mind whatever he may have heard of importance in the course of the debate, and whatever in the laws or customs of his country, may relate to the business in hand: which as a very acute and ingenious author observes, "If it were not more common, would appear more wonderful than that a man should dance blindfold without being burned, amidst a thousand red hot ploughshares."

LABOR.

Cheered with the view, man went to till the ground
From whence he rose; sentenced indeed to toil,
As to punishment, yet—even in wrath
So merciful is Heaven—this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against disease and death.

This point which we were now to gain, was Tampa Bay, some 300 miles to the south. Our route would take us there, allowing for some detention on the route—a river of hot weather—sandy roads—fat pork—hard bread, and hot water—charming prospect! Indian signs now began to reveal upon us; and on the 3d day, about 9 o'clock in the morning, we halted some miles from the river—left 330 men, under Major Lewis, to protect our wagons; and with the balance (1000) sat out on a scouting expedition. We pushed over Clinch's battle ground—the famous Indian chambers their late winter quarters; in all directions. Presently we saw signs that parties sprung as Indian and a white man! Like deer, however, they bounded into the thickets and disappeared. Their fellows, thought we, are not far off. We had reconnoitered only a hammock, and the day was fast declining, when about 5 o'clock—the writer of this came suddenly upon Colonel Gadsden, at the point of an immense hammock. We were surprised to see him on foot, but it was soon explained: "The Indians," said he, "are here." "*Where*" we quickly asked. "If you will ride round the point, you will see them. They have held up their heads to us, intimating, thereby, that they want to have a talk." A talk! thought we—a talk at them would be better! Nevertheless, it was something to know that they were here—that we were within reach of them. We moved eagerly on, and on turning the point referred to by the Colonel, a rare and imposing scene presented itself. Lining the hammock, on the left, was the entire, with General Scott at its head—halted and still—for it was a pause of expectancy! Spreading, on our left, by way of flank movement, were mounted ponds, that are the wonder of these wild regions: and had now become almost impassable. The hammock, in the form of a half moon, rose high along its borders, edging them with a green of the most vivid hue; while, upon a piece of bread land, running out into the prairie, on our right, we could distinguish, dimly through the Micasukkies, moving to and fro—sometimes disappearing in the hammock, and then emerging into view. At that moment, the setting sun—

That, like a fire-ball's wing, shove the woods
And veil'd—

to the scene, and gave to it a more brilliant and pervading beauty. It seemed a sacrilege to have with bloody hand a picture of repose so perfect, and so peaceful!

Here (who was our interpreter, as well as guide, accompanied by Major Bo—d the Louisiana Volunteers, and Indian Billy—might be seen, now rising, and now sinking, laboring hard to get round the pond on the left, in order to reach the Indians, from whom he had been sent to learn definitely what they wanted, and to demand from them some account of Prosse; a negro who, some weeks before, had been sent from Fort Drane to reconnoiter the enemy, and who had not afterwards been heard of. The Indians were still standing upon the lead land as Nero and the negro approached, and the interpreter, and the parties met. At the end of about [illegible] minutes we saw two of the Indians returning at their speed! they were the Major and Billy! Seven Indians, it seemed, had shortly emerged from the hammock, carrying their rifles after a fashion, which the two volunteers (as in fact character) that they accompanied Nero by no means relished—who therefore concluded it would be retreating for a short time, or nothing, damned, to continue the reconference. At length he, too, began to retrace his steps, and, having returned, informed us that he could learn nothing from the Indians relative to *Prosse*, except that he had "*gone down to the sea shore*"—but that they would tell no more in the morning, if we would grant them the desired talk. The fact was, they were unprepossessed by the enemy when they saw him, and they knew it; it is otherwise very questionable whether we would not have attacked, instead of talking with them. As it was, we smoked round the latter; and the more readily, indeed, from the impression that it was their intention (but we was naturally supposed) to use for terms, which it would be in our power to decline—at night, by making promises of them, use them for the purpose of coming near the others, whose whereabouts, of course, they knew. Nothing, therefore, within a mile or two of them, we settled out the next morning to meet our treacherous confidants. A part of the troops decided to the left, and the rest to the right, of the point on which the latter side, upon a small pine peninsula. Nothing was to be seen (nor, of course, the presence of bad marsh ground—the cavalry was stationed, to intercept and cut off the enemy, should he fly or be forced from his hammock, and attempt to escape across the pine barren. For terrain, a great difficulty: Stopping at every step almost up to their waists, succeeded in getting over the hammock. If the wheel and rifle shot of the hammock, when its treacherous occasion ceased a sudden and galling fire upon them! They were, however, all prepared—even for such a reception, and returned the salute with interest. Our centre (as we knew) had halted for ten or twelve minutes the woods resounded with the reiterated cry of "Indians! Indians!" But as we could only fire in the direction of the woods—for there was a gun, and a rifle, and two hub three or four hot rounds, our men now charged the hammock: driving the Indians before them, when they pursued for nearly four miles, and in spite of almost incredible difficulties—to talking to the river before we could come up with them, they escaped! After several hours spent in the pursuit, and finding the chase, we returned, with a loss of 4 men killed, and 7 wounded: but knowing that we had to do more than guess at the loss of the enemy, who, being considerably in advance of us, were enabled to drag away their killed and wounded, which they never fail to do when practicable. The experience of a single day, thus acquired, led our eyes to the nearly impracticable nature of [illegible] on enemy, in such a country. How were we to pursue them; to *follow them up* from hammock to hammock? With a train of 100 baggage? Impossible. We were, therefore, without our infantry into cavalry, we had not horses enough, if we had, the nature of the country forbid it; for, as it was, we had to reserve the pressure of our cavalry, and could not incorporate them with the infantry. It was manifest, however, that the presence of the cavalry had the effect of keeping the enemy from his own hammock, where, at the same time, that arm of the service was impracticable. But our operations were deficient, and *defective*. *This precluded the possibility of our ever doing another day in pursuit of the enemy.* Instead of land bread [illegible] the Commander-in-Chief at Washington, had but looked in with pork and flour, which, while it took up double the room and a terrible quantity of the latter would last them, without being as wholesome, occasionally, as a crash) greatly lots of time in procuring our meals. This we take to have been the true secret of the failure of the campaign. Had we been able to remedy the evil after we had got into the Indian country, but the first week, it would, no doubt, have terminated with General Scott, who, with deep regret we perceive, has been held responsible for its consequences. If it were true that the army was taken into the field without proper land supplies, it was the unexpected fact, that, delay in sending the campaign [illegible] Congress to modify the [illegible] of [illegible] into such supplies as we had, had already been complained of by the people of Florida, and in the public prints. It became necessary, therefore, to cut the army in motion; and we moved, too, with less information than we should have had, had time from the impression, shared by all, that the enemy—stood on at the Ouithlacoochee city, ready to give us battle. Instead of this, however, we had lost all up and down the river, *scattered over the whole face of the country*! So, related—a having by wars, then, the attempt to head up the enemy was hopeless: we regarded [illegible], and we were constrained to proceed on at once to Tampa Bay, in order to get supplies. Yet when we got there we learnt that the Quarter Master at Washington, influenced by a false representation made, or caused as it was said, to be made, by General Gaines, that the troops were *in want*, and *shared by the false attack he had struck, at the Ouithlacoochee*" had abstained from sending us the provisions we had ordered, and desired to forward from that place. The Quarter Master of Florida exclaimed, if true, that neither was General Scott to blame for a result which he had not contributed to bring about.

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From the same cause, then deficiency of supplies, were obliged to hasten our return to the seaboard: unable to do more, in the short time, than secure a hammock or so. The time, of the Louisiana Volunteers, expired in a week; and that of others of the same troops in a very short time added to which we had from 4 to 50 sick! The season was fast becoming dangerous from sunstrokes and fevers, and wards of 300 miles to make on our return.

This, in few words, unless we greatly err, is the history of the failure of the campaign. Having given the facts, so far as they came to our knowledge, we leave it to others to comment on them.

The refreshing waters of Tampa; its expansion and beautiful Bay; the appearance of Fort Brooke on a green hump of land running down between it and Hillsborough rivers into the bay: the absence of 400 friendly Indians ready for distribution; and, finally, the fact of our land, the night of a number of sad of another far from the Bay; all combined to repay us for our hasty day's toilsome and harrassing march through the wilderness. There was one drop [illegible], however, the first: they had taken possession of the fort and grounds, there was no compromising matters with them. We do not find a certain General had carried Tom away as hostage!

The fourth day of our arrival witnessed the evacuation of the Indians. They left their wigwams, some natural tears, however, we must suppose them to have shed in secret, as they shook the last sands of the fifty from their feet; cast the last glance at the old familiar [illegible] "*grieving a sight unutterable*" OF graves, over the unreturning Seminole! They left a number of their dogs behind them, and it was piteous to hear the howlings of the poor creatures as they wandered amidst the quenched fires of their masters, and, as it seemed, searching by their cries to say, "Where are they?"

Being about to be overtaken by a new route, we joined the left wing under General Eustis. There is no going for the rear of the left wing," as he was denominated,—General Sheldon of South Carolina, having charge of the rear, had a combat with an Indian Chief, on the march down to Tampa, which has since made the sharpers in a sonorous but ludicrous incident.

The drapeau 600 in number: under Colonel Goodwin, had that morning started for Pease Creek, with instructions to scour the adjoining country. We overtook them on the road—and, with a view to avoid the dreadful dust which they were raising, we pushed on and passed them. We had not travelled far, when we met two officers—Captain and Lieutenant Bell of whom we knew. We stopped to shake hands, and asked them if they were bound to Tampa. "No, no," was the reply, "we are not—but you will see us in a few minutes." "Indeed!" "Yes, we have been ordered to inform Colonel Goodwin that the Indians are in front." "Indeed! how far, sir?" "About a mile ahead, on the right, where they set fire to a house. The smoke at which can be seen from the road." "Did you see them sir?" "No, but my men did."

Colonel Goodwin, on getting up, was accordingly informed of the fact, and ordered to halt. We soon came in view of the smoke, when we halted, and had a short consultation.

"Captain," said the Colonel, addressing his officer of dragoons," we shall probably have a message to send to the front. Some one must be in the right; and the moment you come in sight of the enemy, you will detach a party, of man of you; reach carried his corn upon his horse; and give them chase." Away we sallied for about a mile, when a voice suddenly exclaimed," There they are!" "Where; where:" was the equally sudden question and response.

More directly ahead; through those pines: "Yes, no," was then again exclaimed.

"True; there they are." "Go back," said the Captain, to one of the men, and inform Colonel Goodwin that the Indian are here."

This order scarcely was delivered, and struck us as most extraordinary. We had been sent in search of the Indians, with directions to give chase the moment we found them; and now, the sooner did we see them than the men halted, and a message was sent to inform Colonel Goodwin that the Indians were there! Well, there we stood watching the [illegible] when a dozen of these were running through the woods! "There, there they go! they will escape us!" Carried away by the excitement, the men, as they naturally exclaimed," Boys, let us after them."

"Do your men ever ride your corn?" was the immediate response: and, without waiting for an answer, he ordered the word, away we sped in pursuit of the flying enemy, fast as the speed could carry us, and with our fingers ready to fire.

"By heaven, they are already out of sight!" spurt he, boys!" and on we went for the next ten minutes more we were down upon—the Indians! "Halt!" was now the word, for we had, upon *General Eustis's left wing*, and *no Indians*; that we were charging at the rate of at least ten miles an hour.

The poor men, peculiarly engaged about the Captain, were exposed: and some of the wounded bearers—of the rattling of our bones! Many a limb and a scrape was presented. Nor were we the less annoyed: for the fact is, the rapid pursuing appearance that we presented. Nor were we the less annoyed: for the fact is, the rapid pursuing appearance—whereas, if the confederated Indians were ever to be driven to the wrong upon those roads would certainly be treble what it is now. Besides, there are but few of what might be expended in putting the roads in perfect order and yielding 8 per cent. to the State on the cost of the road. The road is the capital, after paying expenses

Philadelphia Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, from Bicknell's Reporter, Counsellor Detector, and Prices Current.

ASHES—		Sugar-house	
Pot, new	100	do. N. York	6@ 7c
do. old	100	do. Porto Rico	6@ 7
BUTTER		do. New do	8@ 9c
Table	12	Trinidad	8@ 9
Extra freg. No.	13	Porto Rican	4½ 4¾
No. 1	12	Brazil, Rio Ord'y	5@ 5½
No. 2		Hav. & Matanzas	5@ 5½
CANDLES—		MACKEREL—	
Galenas, mould	10@ 11c	No. 1, shore	10 12
Do. dipped	9@ 10c	Do. bay	9 10
COFFEE, Rio, ₰ lb.	10	No. 2, shore	8 9
Java	13@ 14c	1837	
Laguayra	12@ 13c	Licensed Am. fresh	
St. Domingo	11@ 12c	shore	1 00
Porto Rico	12@ 13c	Bay	1 00
Cuba	12@ 13c	Whole, gal.	68 75
Laguayra	12@ 13c	Half barrel	37½ 40
Mocha	20@ 22c	Do. scarce	90
COTTON duty 3cts ₰ lb		Quarter barrel	20 22½
Louisiana	12@ 13c	PLASTER PARIS—	
Mobile	12@ 12	In Del'ware bay	
Alabama and Tenn.	11@ 12	In do. do.	4 00 5 25
S. C. and Geo.	11@ 12	PROVISIONS—	
N. Orleans	11@ 12	Beef, new, bbl.	4 00 4 87½
FREIGHTS—		Pimento weight	6@ 7
To Liverpool, per cotton	1	Pepper	12@ 13
To Havre	2	Mess, new	9 00
FLOUR and MEAL		Hams, lamb	
Susquehan. bbl.	7 00 7 12½	Shoulders	
Fine	6 75 6 87	WHISKEY—	
Rye	4 00	Hhds. in bond	27
Middling	4 75	Do. duty paid	28
Corn Meal	4 00 4 12½	Barrels, do.	30
do. in bbls 18 50	19 00	WOOL—	
GRAIN—		Merino, Saxony fleece	
Rye ₰ bushel	1 06 1 10	Do. full blood	
Corn, Southern	1 01 1 02	Do. mixed	
Wheat ₰ bushel	1 75 1 95	Am. wash, full blood	50@ 55c
Do. Red, bushel	1 70 1 80	Do. half blood	50 55
Do. White, bushel	1 80 1 90	Do. quarter blood	45@ 48
Corn, N. C. yellow	68 70	Am. unwashed, full blood	40@ 45
Do. N. C. round	65 67	Do. half blood	38@ 40
Oats	49 52	Do. quarter blood	36@ 37
Shorts, new	1 00	Pulled, Lambs'	45@ 50
Barley	1 00	Spanish, pulled	38@ 50
Barley Beans	2 75 3 00	Do. fine	30@ 35
Do.	2 50	Do. 2 do.	25@ 30
HOPS		Do. 3 do.	20@ 25
Crop of 1835, Sus.	14 15	Do. Country	15@ 20
NOTASSES—		Upper shore, ₰ Gallon	45@ 47
New Orleans	45 47	Lower do.	43@ 45

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, August 20, 1836.

☞ The labors incident to the management of three periodicals, having an extensive circulation, and of a large book and job printing establishment, are so manifold and onerous, that the publisher is unable to attend to all the friendly and agreeable assonsite, who would relieve him from a portion of the same.

He therefore solicits the favor, or interest, in the establishment to any gentleman qualified and willing to assume a portion of its duties, and having the means of contributing a reasonable equivalent.

Applications to be made to the publisher, free of postage.

☞ THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

The most flattering success has attended this new publication thus far. To induce a rapid subscription at the commencement, we offered to receive Ten Dollars for a copy of the work. As we find the paper will not probably languish for want of encouragement, it is no longer necessary to make so liberal a proposition. At the same time, we do not wish to mislead any by a precipitate change in the terms on which subscriptions will be received, without giving *four and full weeks* notice.

We now give notice, that, after the first day of October next, no subscription will be received, under any circumstances, for less than $2.50 a year, and then only when Five Dollars or more (*free from discount or postage*) is received with the orders. *Five* or more copies of the subscription price that will be received, unless two or more copies or years are ordered.

The following notice in relation to the character of the work, is taken from it:

NATIONAL ATLAS.

In acting upon the suggestion of our new Periodical, to the patronage of our friends, and the public generally, we omitted to state that it would be published in the form and manner of that of similar public streets and that, being in fixed form, it will be delivered to the subscriber punctual as a Record of the times—an advantage denied to the tri-weekly and semi-weekly papers.

Subscribers to the Atlas, will also be put in possession of a Map of the United States, and one of foreign countries,—consolidating, in fact, as in nature, an Atlas, and that, too, at a price much less cheaper than they could purchase, even at the present reduced prices of works of the kind,—in addition to which, they will receive the whole of a periodical at a merely nominal price. Maps for the work are now in the hands of the engraver, and will be handsomely executed—summarizing with a map of the United States, and of each State, by maps of New York, Ohio, Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania—containing all the recent improvements, rail-roads, canals, &c. &c. that have been projected or completed up to the year 1836. The maps of the States are drawn and engraved on copper-plates, in small form and style, and will be clear and full and well outlined. The greatest care will be taken to designate the boundary lines of counties, and mark the locations of each county town, together with a distinct and correct delineation of rail-roads, canals, &c. &c. The whole will be under the hands of the artist, and the following will be the form of the publication: each will be in the first specimen of the execution of the Geographical portion of the work: "Maps of *United States, New York, Virginia, Ohio, Maryland and Delaware.*

OUR NEW PRESS.

Our new double cylinder press, of which we had formed high expectations, has, thus far, utterly disappointed us. We have been much mortified at the willfulness of its operations in printing; and fear that the patience of some of our readers might have been severely tasked. Last week, so many pages were spoiled, that after the forms were taken from the press, it was discovered that a sufficient number of papers had not been printed to supply all our subscribers, and we were compelled to send out only the deficiency, as far as lay in our power, by serving the National Atlas in place of the Post. We shall work, in future, with the hope of expected supply of good paper, and having acquired experience in the management of the new press, we trust that no further cause for dissatisfaction will arise.

TO DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

We are again reluctantly compelled to appeal to the good faith of those of our Subscribers, in the debt of the Establishment, which has been for a long while past, in arrears to us for subscription due on the *Saturday Evening Post*. There is no one of our readers, who, if he duly examined, in justice to himself, extend indulgence to Subscribers, who ought to remember that though the amount due by each be small, yet that the aggregate must thus be, (considering so many thousand dollars,) and thus withheld, operates injuriously to the Publisher, and is strictly a debt due him for services rendered. Though deserves of avoiding harsh measures, if possible, he will, nevertheless, be compelled to resort to them, if those of his subscribers, in the debt, who shall read this notice, or have their accounts tendered them, shall fail to pay up the sums due by them respectively, even as subscribers to any of the publications issued from this office.

We have received a letter from Tennessee, requesting us to discontinue the Casket, hitherto sent to Dr. Reynolds of that State, who, the letter informs us was one of the few survivors of the Texan barbarity, on the massacre at the Alamo. Dr. Reynolds was a native of this State, and completed his medical studies in Philadelphia, whence, in 1826, he removed to Tennessee. Besides a number of friends in this state, list father, the Hon. David Reynolds, is one of the Associate Judges of Lewistown, Mifflin county. Dr. Reynolds himself is said to have been a gentleman of great worth, deservedly lamented by those who knew him.

Robbery.—The office of Mr. R. T. Bicknell in the Exchange, was entered on Sunday night last, and the iron chest broken open and rifled of its contents, which consisted of gold and silver to the amount of about $300. These pretended "fire and thief proof" chests, though of fortunable appearance, are quite flash intelligence—"wooden nutmegs"—trough plaster covered with the thinnest sheet iron.

In another column of this day's paper, will be found the proceedings of a meeting of Barnwell (S. C.) Volunteers, held at that place on the 1st inst., to take into consideration the recent dismissal, from the service, of Major Gates of the U. States Army. It does appear to us, from all we can learn, to be a case of great injustice and one that reflects discredit upon the President. General Scott, with all his gallantry and good feeling, was unfortunate rash and hasty in his censures of others: and it is not impossible that subsequent reflection might prompt him to recal the sentence of condemnation which he past upon Major Gates, and restore him to the command of his regiment in Florida. Should the President revoke his unjust decree against the latter, us, judging from the facts which

THE OLIO

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Air—"The Star Spangled Banner."

To the Sages who spoke—to the Heroes who bled—
To the fair and the dead wake the harp strings of glory!
Let the song of the reason'd remember the dead,
And the song of the eloquent deathless the story;
O'er the bosom of the sea
Be that story long told,
And their cruel'ty no Tyrant shall e'er idolate enroll'd,
Who on Freedom's green hills
Freedom's banner unfurl'd.

And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world.
Tyrants for us and our child'ren, to conquer or die,
Unlearned they stood while the war storm burst o'er them;
Each hide drew a thunderbolt down from the sky,
Till the bastard turn'd pale, and was wither'd before them;
Far from liberty's land,
Went a shout through the land,
As the rainbow of peace their lay herrings spann'd,
And the banner of Freedom,
In pride was unfurl'd,
And the beacon-fire rose that gave light to the world.

MUSICAL TITLES (from the MSS. of a bibliophyl boy's collection.—"The Italian Man Friday." "Brisk shant I cleer." "Howe sweet is the Gudlings." "Live Letters cheere." "Old Lady Fare." "A jew, a jew, my dearest life." "Hail to the Donna." "Sleep's Lorder." Herring go bray." 'Veeve heary Cart." 'Kobin had hair.' —*Idem.*

* Mr. Trollope was one of the greatest performers of the day. The segar-smokers, the tobacco-chewers, the sit-up-against-the-wall-with-your-feet-under-the-rounds-of-the-chair-and-the-run-and-hurry-rough-and-tumble-eaters,—beyond another lesson or two.

The above is from the New York Express. Mr. Brooks is right. The sniff-to-nice-smoke-in-your-face-men, the spit-on-your-carpet-men, the lie-down-on-the-sofa-in-the-presence-of-ladies-men,the-pick-their-teeth-at-the-table-men,the-stand-on-the-side-walk-to-that-the-ladies-pass-nicely-get-out-of-the-way-of-the-ladies-at-the-theatre-men-and-women, and the-sit-on-the-front-seats-of-the-cabs-with-their-backs-to-their-feet-on-the-railing-men, all need to be gently rubbed with a brush made of pins, or tickled with a rusty nail.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

INTOLERABLE.—At the balls at Almack's the regulation is strictly enforced of not permitting any one to enter the saloon after 12 P. M. The Marquis of Londonderry, at the last ball but one, was proceeding up stairs, when one of the persons stopped him with—"My Lord, we can't admit you, it is past twelve." "Send to Lady Londonderry, and tell her that I am waiting for admission. Her ladyship is one of the Lady Patronesses." The answer from the Marchioness was, that her husband must cause another evening.

Dinner Oratory—At the late Lincoln Conservative Festival, on "The Army" having been drunk as the course with other toasts, loud calls were made upon Capt. Grantham, but without effect. All that could be got from the gallant captain was, "I do not know what to say if I get up, and had better keep my seat." The calls for him were more vociferous, but he refused to obey, observing, "What's the use of making a fool of myself? I can't speak, and I shan't get up."—Roars of laughter.

Yankee Wit.—A 'notion seller' was offering yankee clocks, finely varnished, and gaudily contrived, and with a looking glass in front, to some who was not remarkable for personal charms. "Why, mister," said he, "I guess you'd better buy one that is at all handsome."

Sleepy.—A clergyman in New Hampshire, reconcessis, in a neighboring periodical, those of his congregation who are in the habit of sleeping at meeting, to take the four back pews, where they can be more comfortable, and where their snoring will not disturb the preacher.—Whereupon, one of the hearers informs the clergyman, through the New Hampshire Patriot, that if he will wake up a little himself, and preach with more animation and interest, more than two of the back pews will be required to accommodate all the sleepy hearers.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—As this is the rock of wreck so many wreck their hopes; the Reason which so many fear to pass, we shall present all those struggling with its examples taken from a late number of the N. York Mirror; it shows the final scene in a flirtation with a coquette:

"Our conversation was animated—then ensued a silence. When the silence threatened to be a awkward, we broke it with a laugh, and again we chatted merrily—but evidently that was not the tone suited to our feelings, so we relapsed again into the sentimental. We talked of rocks and waves, of 'endless love'—undying constancy.

"How fascinating is a lovely woman!" sighed she.

I.

"How faithless and perfidious is man!" sighed she.

"What a beautiful afternoon!" responded I.

"How refreshing is the abstraction from the heartless world and its ills!" added she.

She commenced that beautiful stanza of Childe Harold, 'To sit on rocks,' etc. Her voice was most musical, its tones so harmonized with its scene and my feelings, that—that—I approached my hand to her—it trembled; read as usual—I ventured to take it in mine—it was passive, but feverish. Her hand turned slightly from me, and the crimson blood coursed rapidly round her alabaster temples—she ceased, and while the echo of the last word, 'solitude,' lingering in my delighted ears, I drew her two arms to me, her head was clasped convulsively in mine—suddenly she turned towards me, there—a kiss—a long and fervent one—and then—what? another? no, no—what then? *fates and be wise—*REJECTION! too late! yes, but better too late than never. Oh, how I wished she would laugh! would assume that 'eternal grin!' but no—her eyes were downcast; her cheeks flushed, her hand trembled and grew moist in mine, and then she rose gracefully to go. No word was spoken, reason was resuming its sway, reflection could not intervene such an interesting moment, terrestrium of a better sense was short, and again were my lips approaching the intoxicating draught, but she turned away her head—was it to conceal a tear? I was importunate: she still turned, and murmured a self-suppressed agitation, 'no, no, no, no.'

Note.—They did not get married!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—When lying on the bed of sickness in Sussex Place, London, it happened that one day he was seized with a fancy for a particular species of fish. Unfortunately it was not then to be procured at the West-end, so the servant was despatched eastward, where, after threading a variety of streets, and meeting with a variety of disappointments, he at last met with the dainty at a Wine-chapel Tavern. But his application was made too late. The fish was sold, and the tragedy remains in his regrets of all terms. At last he enquired when it was wanted for, and being duly enlightened thereon, replied, "For Walter Scott, hey? Oh, that is a different matter"—and not only invested on supplying the fish gratis, but even on trudging up with it himself the whole way to Sussex Place, to order, we conclude, that in future time he might be enabled to boast of having "done business with the Wizard Scott." Here is a proof of the talismanic power of genius. To subdue the senses of self interest in a White-chapel fishmonger. Was ever such a triumph? We shall always think the better of human nature for this fine delightful anecdote.

TALLEYRAND AND THE MAKER OF OYSTERS.—What school-boy is there who would not claim the story of Talleyrand's supper with Bachelet? It was the payment of a wager which M. de Talleyrand has won of the Duke de Laval. The oysters, according to the conditions agreed upon, were to be furnished for twelve persons; moreover, the winner was to have the right of naming the ten other guests. Did M. de Talleyrand, to the last moment, not know who would have done—invite ten of his friends? No such thing. This was very far indeed from his intentions. He only carefully selected for ten of the greatest oyster-eaters in Paris. These he chose for his guests, so that the Duke de Laval had to pay for five hundred dozen. One of the actors in the breakfast, a very amiable man, fond of good eating, and an excellent singer was appointed king of the feast. To the great satisfaction of the Ambassador-you who did not pay, so swallowed without the least hesitation his fifty-fourth dozen, after which he stopped, alleging, as a pretence, that he must partake of the other dainties of the breakfast.—*Life of Talleyrand.*

upon about five hundred persons, mostly laborers from the coal yards, collected in a field at the foot of Bunker Hill, and formed in a ring for set-to. The ring was formed, and the combat began, with their usual fairness and fury, as Americans, about fifty years old. His frame was indeed somewhat debilitated and weakened, but exhibited an unusual degree of bones and muscle. His chest was broad and sinewy; his arms long, and his position the correct development of the muscles, capable of felling an ox. He entered the ring with the usual self-confidence. His antagonist was an Irishman of twenty-five years of age, and was evidently ambitious to "the noble science of self-defence." He was, however, inferior to his opponent in weight, and his fire almost entirely evaded the cool hardihood of the aged American, who received the attack of his impetuous adversary on the forearm, and was prepared for some time with great spirit. We will not disturb the interesting task of describing to the vulgar slang of the fancy, the particulars of the contest. Suffice it to state, that the coolness and skill of the American proved an overmatch for his antagonist.

The young man's face and clothes were suffused in blood; and he at length received the unanimous shove of his fellow workmen as evidence. At the stage of the contest the excitement of the crowd became unrepressible. The ring was broken, and in the melee the combatants were parted. As soon as an opportunity offered, the old man threw his arms around the neighbor in the air which appears to be the legitimate mode of challenging and answering a challenge. The challenge was not answered, and the old man, addressing the crowd, exclaimed, "I am the ruffian hand as the greatest ruffian among them."

His display of heroism was not without its effect upon the crowd, most of course were Irishmen; and the incident has furnished one of the collections of Donnybrook fair, and other contests about the Emerald Island on the occasion until the excited Irishmen found it impossible to resist the temptation, and fell to work with a heavy will, and the old man received a severe beating.—*Boston Courier.*

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-PLACE.—The house in which Washington was born, stood about half a mile from the junction of Bridge's Creek with the Potomac, and was either burned or pulled down by the Goths and Vandals of Virginia. A few scarce relics alone remain to mark the spot which will ever be sacred in the eyes of posterity. A clump of cedars, planted by the immediate hands of the mansion, yet exist; a number of vines, and roses, and flowers, still re-produce themselves every year, as if to mark its site, and flourish around the hallowed ruins; and a stone, placed there by Mr. George Washington Custis, bears this simple inscription: "Here, on the 11th of February, (O. S.) 1732, George Washington was born.

The spot is of the deepest interest, not only from its associations, but its natural beauties.—It commands a view of the Maryland shore of the Potomac, one of the most majestic of rivers, and of the numerous many inlets known as Chesapeake Bay. An aged gentleman, still living in the neighborhood, remembers the house in which Washington was born. It was a low plantation, single-storied, frame building, with four rooms on the first floor and an enormous chimney at each end on the outside. This was the style of the better sort of houses in Virginia, and of many are still occasionally seen in the old settlements of Virginia.—*Ib.*

MR. WASHINGTON.—It has been related to me by one whose authority I cannot doubt, that on the first floor and in enormous chimney at the future wife was entirely accidental, and took place at the house of Mr. Chamberlayne, who resided on the Pamunkey, one of the branches of York River. Washington was on his way to Williamsburg, on somewhat pressing business, when he met Mr. Chamberlayne, who according to the custom of the day, invited every person on the road to partake of the hospitality of his house. Washington, however, declined the invitation, pleading an hour or two at his mansion. Washington's understanding of Col. Washington, and his